THE SATURDAY EVE[illegible] POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers.

NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: [illegible]TRAL IN PO[illegible]ICS.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMES[illegible] NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMME[illegible] [illegible]NTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY [illegible]

WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED 1797.

Original Poetry.

TWILIGHT MUSING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Long the day, and sad its closing,
Evening brings no children out;
Time moves slowly, ever tracing
Deeper furrows on my brow.

[illegible]

[illegible]

Happy faces, cheerful voices,
Home-[illegible]
And [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] seem longer
On the door step, in the [illegible]
Merry voices, gentle mingle,
Kindly come to cheer us[illegible]

All day long these visions vanish,
And I call on them in [illegible]
But the twilight brings them ever,
Brings them to my left[illegible]

AUNT ALICE.

Original Novelet.

VIVIA;
OR,
THE SECRET OF POWER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "[illegible]," "THE AVENGER," "VIRGINIA TO MAGDALENE," "THE DESERTED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

[illegible] according to Act of Congress, in the year 1[illegible], by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

CHAPTER I.

LIFE!

We are borne into life—it is cursed—it is strange—
We're told—it is [illegible]
That [illegible] with a change.
—E. L. Bulwer.

God breathed into her the breath of life, and she became a Living Soul. A breath of Divine life bestowed, a new soul sent upon this planet to live, to struggle, perhaps to die, and oh! how surely to suffer. The advent of another immortal. The miracle of each moment's recurrence yet no less a great mystery still. The uniting in mankind of another fine power that shall more resemble the beginning of a life that may have no end. It is but this instant called into existence or yet unconscious, for it is without either thought or affections, yet an existence which, when centuries millions of ages shall have rolled away, and eras, with all their changes, shall have sunk into nothingness—must ever go on and on eternally.

How will this young child live? Will she be wasted by worldliness, smothered in sensuality, or swallowed by malignant passions? In other words, shall the "world," "the flesh," or the "devil" seize her?

Hovering over the fatal three, will she preserve her life into other souls dead in trespasses and sins? We shall see.

God breathed into her the breath of life, and she became a living soul! That is the first and greatest fact of every new existence. That is the common bond of human brotherhood. In that are the silence and the pressed point of every life upon this earth there is a birth, a death, and a resurrection, of which neither parish register, nor the family record ever tells—for they are not of the spirit spiritual.

Upon this earth there is effort, [illegible] aspiration, despondency [illegible], despair and triumph—in life, death and resurrection!

[illegible] whom I write, began in light, [illegible] the darkness of death, yea! and the night of years" in the grave, ere the resurrection rolled the stone [illegible] her forth. Despair not Christian [illegible] though the sky be utterly overcast now—no light in earth—no sweet hope, no fair possibility in [illegible]—then art only passing through the valley of shadows, and by the very blackness of the darkness by forward path [illegible] of the light beyond that casts it. [illegible] would inform you that it was the eve of St. Genevieve.

The scene was one of those mountain gorges in the wildest part of Western Maryland.

The pale, never safe even in daylight and in the best weather, was now exceedingly perilous. The ground was covered with snow that froze as it fell. The sky was "blind with a double dark" of night and of cloud.

With toiling steps and [illegible] marched the [illegible]

[illegible] though no one looking out on the light [illegible] could be visible but the [illegible] of darkness, yet to the accustomed vision of the night-wandering child, certain landmarks were dimly apparent, looming like blacker shadows, denser clouds amid the general gloom.

Her piercing eyes could see the heavy vapor-laden range of mountains that marked the opposite horizon, and even distinguish their spectral peaks from the murky mists that hung around them.

Then she looked down below her feet. Between the ridge upon which she stood and that opposite ridge against the horizon, a sea of impenetrable shadows seemed to roll. She knew it was a wilderness of forests, rocks, and streams—at this time a pathless desert, a horrible gehenna, without sign of human habitation, with no sight but the black, blacker and blackest shadows of the night clouds and storm, and no sound but the roaring of the wind among the ravines around, and the howling of some hunger-saddened animal prowling through the forest below. But never had man or woman a stouter heart than head bravely in the bosom of that child. Her fearlessness, like her safety, seemed almost supernatural, yet the one was the effect of the other, and both were the result of her organization and her training.

The descent was much more difficult and dangerous than any part of the journey had been, yet the child did not falter. Her voice was elastic and firm as her foot was sure and springing, when she said,

"I can see no light yet; but courage, my Fido; this is the north ridge; we must be near Mount Storm; go on, my Fido."

The great tawny bull-dog that crouched at her feet arose slowly, stretched his huge limbs, and pulling one ponderous foot before the other, marched gravely with a measured tread down the mountain-path.

Carefully she followed him.

The downward path seemed but a formless precipice of clouds and vapors pitching headlong into an abyss of unknown horrors; yet trusting in the sure instinct and firm footing of her guide, she kept closely behind him.

And Fido led her safely down dizzy steeps, and along the brink of slippery ledges, where a single false step must have precipitated her down to a dreadful death.

An hour of careful and toilsome descent brought her to the foot of the mountain.

And then on the right hand, some quarter of a mile up the valley, and immediately under the shelter of the same ridge she had just passed, shone a light as from some large building.

"Joy, Fido! there is our resting place!" said the child.

But here a new trouble beset her. It was not so cold as on the mountain top—the snow was not frozen, but the wind that had lulled for a time now rose in violence, lifting the snow and tossing it in great drifts; now hurling, it in masses against her slight form with a force that nearly prostrated her, now raising it in clouds aloft, and showering it into her face and neck and eyes, piercing, stinging, blinding, like the points of millions of needles; and now rolling it up in great impassable ridges across her path. And ever all was hung a pall of darkness so profound, that but for the guidance of that faithful dog, the frightful path could never have been traversed, nor that distant light reached.

But Fido literally [illegible] with his own body a furrow through the snow-drifts for the child to walk in.

Their way now lay among the sparse and stunted evergreens that grew along the base of the ridge, and formed the outskirts of the valley forest.

Occasionally around the projections of the ridge or behind a clump of intervening trees the light would disappear, but by keeping along in the same direction, and close to the base of the mountain, she could not lose sight of it entirely.

And back! that was the sound of a clock striking. It came from the direction of the lighted window toward which she was toiling, and to which she was now very near.

The trees grew still more sparsely. And now and then she caught glimpses of a collection of buildings, from the central one of which the light proceeded.

"I notice that when the wind blows harder than usual, Brother Peter always leaves that gate unfastened. I wonder if he does it to keep us awake all night with its banging and clapping, for I do believe he does it on purpose," said Margarite.

"He does it on purpose, though not to keep you awake, Margarite. Brother Peter has my order to leave the gate unfastened these stormy nights, for the sake of any poor travelers who might [illegible] Brother Peter sleeps soundly, and they come [illegible] benighted wanderer passing this way, may enter and shelter."

"Oh, see!" said the child, when she found herself the centre of observation, "how the icicles are melting from my cloak! And Fido, [illegible]

[illegible] and cheese is not exactly the food [illegible] Margarite, will you attend to it?"

The young nun took the plate of fragments, and [illegible]

"Go, Fido," did he get the office himself. The child [illegible]

"He is another dog—you don't know [illegible]

The Abbess conducted her charge up the right hand corridor, at the farther extremity of which was a comfortable chamber, with a fire in the fire-place, a carpet on the floor, a white curtained bedstead in the corner beside a large window, whose white drapery, divided in the centre, fell gracefully around a little altar and crucifix that stood before it. A picture of the Virgin and Child hung over the mantle-piece. And two low chairs stood near the fire.

"Sit down in this chair, Genevieve, you must be very tired, poor child, and I will not keep you up—but here are some night-clothes and—while you put them on—answer me questions I shall ask you. You told me Christian name—what was your family [illegible]

"Laglorieuse, madame."

"Laglorieuse?"

Again the Abbess had nearly lost her self-possession.

"And that place you named."

"Belles-ouvres, lady."

"How came you here, then? And who sent you here to me this night—this night of all nights!"

"Dear lady, I was not sent to you! I was sent to Mount Storm, but did not reach it, you [illegible]

"There was no sign of a [illegible] when I came from Kyrie to-day."

"Little girl, tell me something about yourself, where have you lived besides at Belles-ouvres?"

"Belles-ouvres was the first place that I ever remember. I was very happy there. The nuns loved me dearly, and taught me well. I lived there till I was seven years old. Then Pere Francois—"

"Pere Francois!"

"Yes, madame! he was the cure of the village church, and the Confessor of the Convent at Belles-ouvres—he was ordered to Ireland, and when he went he took me with him [illegible]

"And how long did you stay there?"

"Nearly three years."

"And why did you leave it?"

"Because, one day last autumn, while the flowers were still in bloom, Father Francis got a letter. It was so old, and had followed him about for so many places, and was so covered over with post-marks, that he could not tell where it was from till he opened it. Then he saw that it came from a gentleman in this country, who was very anxious to know if a little girl was dead or alive, and where she was, as he was growing old and ill, and wanted to see her before he died. Father Francis said that I was the little girl he wanted."

"If you have not been forbidden to do so, tell the name of the old gentleman who wanted you."

"Oh, no, I have not been forbidden—why should I be? His name was Colonel Malmaison, of Mount Storm."

"Colonel—Malmaison! Why, what can possibly be the relation between Colonel Malmaison and you?" said the Abbess, in a slow, wondering manner.

"I do not know, madame, but Father Francis knows, and so shall I, when I get to Mount Storm."

"I do not understand, my child; but go on. After the letter came—what then?"

"Father Francis mourned it directly, saying that I was the little girl inquired about. And then he got leave from the bishop, and set out with me for this country. We were two months on the water! Oh! it was very grand! A week ago we got to Baltimore. And we travelled day and night till last night, when we reached Kyrie, and there Father Francis was taken so ill that he could go no farther."

"Father Francis! At Kyrie! And ill! Oh! Heaven!" broke in a low voice from the Abbess. "Go on, my child."

"The inn where we stopped was kept by a widow. Father Francis was not able to rise this morning; but he inquired how far Mount Storm was, and he told him three miles. Then he asked if the family there were all well, and she told him that Colonel Malmaison was lying at the point of death. Then Father Francis grew very anxious, and got out of bed, and said that he must go to Mount Storm; but when he found he [illegible] the landlady told him no [illegible] to a messenger, and [illegible] to go himself. When I saw he was so [illegible] I begged to go in his stead. He said he would show me [illegible] and I called Fido and set off."

"I was strong and rough walk for a little girl."

"It was a great walk! and I enjoyed it much. But it [illegible] and the storm arose."

"Poor child!"

"But Fido was very well, for Fido walked before me, and I could see in the dark—and I was very hood—so [illegible] Mount Storm."

"And very happy to have done so, my child. To-night it possibly have crossed Mad River—and might have perished in the attempt. Yet guardian-angel brought you safe."

"I know think it was Fido, and I like him [illegible] credit of it."

"Well, dear, don't you think that good [illegible] faithful animal [illegible] for my prayers, my child, and go to bed, and to-morrow one of the [illegible] may [illegible] you to Mount Storm."

She kneeled before the altar to offer up her evening prayers. And soon after, the Abbess had the comfort of seeing her in bed, and in a deep sweet sleep.

Come! She stood, by the bedside, gazing down in a trance upon the beautiful young sleeper, as she lay there with one [illegible] dimpled up under the dusky cheek on which the long, dark eyelashes lay closely pencilled, while the bright, chestnut curls clustered thickly around the broad, fair head. Long the lady gazed, murmuring:

"Every brow! the very brow! oh! if ever she set His seal upon a human forehead, it set it on that angel brow! Legitimate! well named! All right shall I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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Evening brings no children out,
Silent leaves quietly, ever resting
Droops drowsy-eyed on my heart.

Heavy form, shrouding weary
Never-ending [illegible]

[illegible] seem longer
On the door step, in the [illegible]
Merry voices, gentle singer,
Kindly comes to cheer [illegible]

All day long these visions vanish,
And I call on them in vain;
But the twilight brings me ever,
Brings them to my lone [illegible]

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[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER I.

LIFE!

We are borne into life—it is sweet—it is strange—
We know not its cause or a mind mystery
That spake with a clear [illegible]
—E. B. Browning.

God breathed into her the breath of life, and she became a Living Soul. A breath of Divine life incarnated, a new soul sent upon this planet of love to struggle, perhaps to sin, and oh! how bravely to suffer. The miracle of another immortal—The miracle of each moment's recurrence yet as "eternal mystery still. The uniting in one another free power that shall move forever, to the beginning of a life that may have no end. It is but this instant called into existence—existence as yet unconscious, for it is without either thoughts or affections, yet an existence which, when countless millions of ages shall have rolled away, and with the last of these expired, shall have sunk into nothingness—must even go on and on eternally.

How will this living soul live? Will she be ruled by unchildlike, unsanctified impulses, or unchecked by malignant passions? In other words, shall the "world," the "flesh," or the "devil" win her?

Or transcending over the fatal force, will she overcome, her Divine life, and become the leader of new life into other souls dead in trespasses and sin? We do not see.

God breathed into her the breath of life, and she became a Living soul! That is the first and greatest fact of every new existence. That is the common bond of human brotherhood. In that are the prince and the peasant peers.

In seeing this upon the earth there is a thrill, a tenderness, a recognition, by which neither church nor state, nor the family record ever can be the arbiter of the spirit spiritual."

[illegible] upon this earth there is effort, [illegible] struggle, [illegible] hope, despair and triumph—life, death and resurrection!

[illegible] whom I write, began in light, [illegible] the darkness of death, yet I am [illegible] of "eternal light of" [illegible] the grave and [illegible] resurrection rolled [illegible] from her tomb. Despair not Christian though for thy be utterly overwhelmed [illegible] no light in earth or heaven, no possibility of [illegible] [illegible] act only passing through [illegible] of darkness, and by the very blackness [illegible] thy forward path [illegible] the light beyond that casts it.

[illegible] the shadow to arrive at [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

SATURDAY EVENING POST.
PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1856.

Congressional News.

THIRTY-FOURTH CONGRESS.

SENATE.

On the 5th, after the transaction of some unimportant business, the Senate adjourned over until Thursday (7th).

On the 7th, only 12 or 13 members were present in the chamber at noon. A few petitions were presented, and the Senate was then declared to be in session, and immediately adjourned till Monday.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 7th, Mr. Letcher said that, having, from time to time, received two votes for Speaker, he wished it to be distinctly understood that he has never been a candidate, and never would be. He stated this lest it should be supposed there was something wrong in his position. He had so constantly and consistently voted for Mr. Banks or any man in the House.

Mr. Stewart, in explaining the reasons why he had been voting for Mr. Richardson, said the position of the latter, at one time of Mr. Fuller, had been explained sufficiently and explicitly, but that of Mr. Banks had not. He (Mr. Stewart) knew whether he had ever said a word in a speech in Maine, that he would let the Union slide.

Mr. Banks replied. In that speech he had said there might be such a state of things in which he would so consent. He had reference to future contingencies, such as the presentation of this Government helpless and power to the support of a single institution—slavery. He said he did think so if it did would assist its extension into the Territories, and the main prop of our Government, and would leave it stand on the records of history, in the language of Washington, "a curse and with immortal fame."

Mr. Orr, of Virginia, was not satisfied with the explanation of the gentleman from Maine. Did you say the subject of slavery?

Mr. Banks—I have said all I desired to say.

Mr. Smith, of Va.—I wish it to be distinctly understood that these votes were not cast for Mr. Banks.

Mr. Richardson, [Illinois]—I have voted for Mr. Banks from the beginning, that all democrats might vote with that gentleman. I have voted for Mr. Bocock since a question of order. The law requires that the Clerk shall call the House to order, and members leave the transaction of any other business.

Mr. Boyce asked Mr. Banks, among other questions not heard, whether he would not, if elected Speaker, call the House to order, and, in selecting a Clerk, select a democratic Clerk?

Mr. Banks replied. Do you favor the re-appointment of the Registry Clerk, and the selection of the Sergeant-at-Arms?

Cries from the friends of Mr. Banks—Call the House to order.

Mr. Banks replied to Mr. Boyce, and said he distinctly understood that Mr. Richardson, being a candidate for Speaker, had given evasive answers to questions of a similar character.

[Laughter.]

Cries of "Good," and "Call the roll."

Mr. Campbell moved that the House do adjourn, on Thursday, in order to enable members to participate in the Christmas religious and social observances.

Mr. Richardson, referring to the reservations of Messrs. Stewart and Fuller, said he had understood that they were willing to vote for him "Union side." If the gentleman of the other side, who support Mr. Banks, have any reservations, they should be made known. He desired the issue made here, that it might be finally met if necessary.

Mr. Campbell, withdrawing for Mr. Richardson, was willing to unite upon some other conservative man, and would propound the questions to questioned whose answers he considered satisfactory.

Mr. Richardson, on motion, resumed the balloting, and, on the following result:

Richardson,	101
Fuller,	91
Banks,	2
Scattering,	6

Richardson's election, 99. So there was no election.

Mr. Nichols offered a resolution for the election of a Speaker by a plurality vote, which was laid on the table by a vote of 107 to 102.

Mr. Orr moved that when the House adjourn, it be till Thursday.

Mr. Phelps—We have no power to adjourn over; if the motion is agreed to, the majority may come here to-morrow, receive the order, and elect a Speaker. I, for one, will not be a party to any such action. Under such circumstances, the minority would find Jordan to be a very hard road to travel. [Laughter.]

Mr. Florence said if he could be a very pretty exemplar to the Christian men to set in the country. (Merriment.)

Mr. Orr's motion was then negatived, and the House adjourned till Wednesday.

On the 9th, Mr. Knight offered a resolution that the House will continue to vote for Speaker, even unto the fourteenth ballot, and that when there shall be no choice on Friday next, another shall be made, when the person having a majority of a quorum shall be declared Speaker. Laid on the table by 114 to 97.

Mr. Perryman submitted a resolution, that until a Speaker is elected, the House will meet daily, at the hour of 10 o'clock, all discussion, excepting personal explanations, to be suspended, and the balloting proceed without debate. Laid on the table by 114 to 97.

Mr. Hay proposed that until a Speaker is elected, no adjournment shall be in order till 4 o'clock.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, said that all these questions of the House is governed. He thought they could make more rapid progress by resuming the balloting.

Mr. Peyton suggested a modification, which Mr. Campbell declined to accept, and the question was put on the motion for an adjournment shall be in order till 4 o'clock, and decided in the negative by 114 to 97.

Mr. Phelps moved that the House adjourn, and the question being taken by rising, was decided in the negative by 114 to 97.

Mr. Campbell